

THE  
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. II.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,  
and J. BALFOUR.

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M, DCC, LXXIII.

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and J. Ballantyne.

MDCCLXXXIII.

# PARADISE LOST.

A

P O E M,

I N

T W E L V E B O O K S.

The AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

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and J. BALFOUR.

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M, DCC, LXXIII.

PARADISE LOST.

P O E M

TWELVE BOOKS.



THE MUSSILL PRESS

JOHN MILTON.

VOLUME

EDINBURGH:

Printed at A. LEITCH'S, W. GREEN,  
and J. BATHURST.  
M. DCC. LXXIII.

## The ARGUMENT of Book VII.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days: The angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into heaven.

VOL. II.

A

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VII.

**D** Escend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegaſean wing.  
 The meaning, not the name, I call : For thou  
 Nor of the Muſes nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'ſt ; but heav'nly born,  
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,  
 Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play  
 In preſence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celeftial ſong. Up led by thee  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have preſum'd,  
 An earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,  
 Thy temp'ring ; with like ſafety guided down,  
 Return me to my native element :  
 Left from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),  
 Diſmounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,  
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.  
 Half yet remains unſung, but narrower bound  
 Within the viſible diurnal ſphere ;  
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
 In darkness and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn  
 Purples the east: Still govern thou my song,  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few;  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,  
 The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam by dire example to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befel in heav'n  
 To those apostates, lest the like befal  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wand'ring. He with his consorted Eve  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,

With such confusion : But the evil soon  
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose : and now  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within Eden or without was done  
 Before his memory, as one whose drowth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
 Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the empyrean to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach :  
 For which to th' infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
 How first began this heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd

Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
 Embracing round this florid earth ; what cause  
 Mov'd the Creator, in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity, so late to build  
 In chaos ; and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolv'd ; if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race though steep ; suspense in Heav'n,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of nature from the unapparent deep :  
 Or if the star of evening and the moon  
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
 Silence, and sleep list'ning to thee will watch ;  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought ;  
 And thus the godlike Angel answer'd mild.

This also thy request with caution ask'd  
 Obtain : Though to recount almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be with-held  
 Thy hearing ; such commission from above  
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire

Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
 To ask, or let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
 To none communicable on Earth or Heaven :  
 Enough is left besides to search and know.  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain ;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of Angels, than that star the stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
 Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
 Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of deity supreme, us dispossest'd,  
 He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more ;  
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
 Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms  
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
 With ministeries due and solemn rites :  
 But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,

My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be, to lose  
 Self-lost; and in a moment will create  
 Another world, out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd,  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of Heav'n,  
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform; speak thou, and be it done:  
 My overshadowing Sp'rit and might with thee  
 I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,  
 Though I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, necessity and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion; but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,  
 When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will:  
 Glory they sung to the most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:

Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight,  
 And th' habitations of the just ; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of Sp'rits malign, a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.  
 So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
 Of majesty divine ; sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Virtues, winged sp'rits, and chariots wing'd  
 From th'armoury of God ; where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage ; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them sp'rit liv'd,  
 Attendant on their Lord : Heav'n open'd wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious found  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heav'n's heighth, and with the center mix the pole.

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,  
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end :  
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;  
For Chaos heard his voice : Him all his train  
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This universe, and all created things :  
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void : Darknes profound  
Cover'd th' abyfs : But on the watry calm  
His brooding wings the Sp'rit of God outspread,  
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd  
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,  
Adverse to life : Then founded, then conglob'd  
Like things to like, the rest to several place  
Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
And Earth self-balanc'd on her center hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light  
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,  
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
To journey through the airy gloom began,  
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun

Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided: Light the day, and darkness night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;  
 Birth-day of heav'n and earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd  
 God and his works, Creator him they sung,  
 Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters; and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round: Partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: For as earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 CrySTALLINE ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far remov'd, left fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And heav'n he nam'd the firmament: So even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,  
 Appear'd not: Over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm

Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture ; when God said,  
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heav'n  
Into one place ; and let dry land appear.  
Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky :  
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters : Thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste ; such flight the great command impress'd  
On the swift floods : As armies at the call  
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With serpent-error wand'ring, found their way,  
And on the wat'ry ooze deep channels wore ;  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated waters he call'd seas :  
And saw that it was good ; and said, Let th' earth  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,

Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green;  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: And these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept  
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Imbattled in her field; and th' humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: Last  
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms: With high woods the hills were crown'd,  
 With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,  
 With borders long the rivers: That earth now  
 Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades: Though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which ere it was in th' earth  
 God made, and every herb, before it grew  
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good:  
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
 High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide  
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years;  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain

Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,  
 To give light on the Earth; and it was so.  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night altern; and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,  
 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day  
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
 For of celestial bodies first the sun  
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,  
 Though of ethereal mold: Then form'd the moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:  
 Of light by far the greater part he took  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd  
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;  
 By tincture of reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen.  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road; the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
 Shedding sweet influence: Less bright the moon,

But opposite in levell'd west was set,  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him; for other light she needed none  
In that aspect; and still that distance keeps  
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere: Then first adorn'd  
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Display'd on th' open firmament of heav'n.  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And every bird of wing after his-kind;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea: Part single or with mate  
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves  
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;  
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend

Moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch : On smooth the seal,  
 And bended dolphins play : Part huge of bulk  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean : There leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch, from th'egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sledge  
 They sum'm'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar-tops their cyries build :  
 Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage, born on winds ; the air  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes :  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 Till ev'n ; nor then the solemn nightingale  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast ; the swan with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly rows

Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky : Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm ; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours ; and th' other, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The water thus  
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,  
 Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose  
 With ev'ning harps and matin ; when God said,  
 Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,  
 Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and strait  
 Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown : Out of the ground up rose,  
 As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd ;  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green :  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks : The swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head : Scarce from his mold  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd

His vastness : Fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants : Ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm : Those wav'd their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green :  
 These as a line there long dimension drew,  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all  
 Minims of nature ; some of serpent-kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty : Swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd : The rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,  
 Needleless to thee repeated ; nor unknown  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course ; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd ; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd

Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end:  
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endu'd  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: Therefore th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (for where is not he  
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.  
 Let us make now man in our image, man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
 The breath of life; in his own image he  
 Created thee, in the image of God  
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for race; then blest'd mankind, and said,  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
 And every living thing that moves on th' earth.  
 Wherever thus created, for no place

Is yet distinct by name, thence as thou know'st,  
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste;  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
 Variety without end; but of the tree,  
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;  
 Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;  
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's, his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created world,  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies: The earth, the air  
 Refounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst),  
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,  
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd

Magnificent, his six days work, a world ;  
 Open, and henceforth oft ; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men,  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
 The glorious train ascending: He through heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led,  
 To God's eternal house direct the way ;  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest  
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh  
 Ev'ning arose in Eden ; for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night ; when at the holy mount  
 Of heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne  
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down  
 With his great Father ; for he also went  
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and end of all things ; and from work  
 Now resting, blest'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy kept ; the harp  
 Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe,  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison : Of incense clouds,

Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.  
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy pow'r ; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
 Relate thee ? greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant-angels : Thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnify'd ; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt  
 Of sp'rits apostate and their counsels vain  
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might : His evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made world, another heav'n  
 From heaven gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destin'd habitation ; but thou know'st  
 Their seasons : Among these the seat of men,  
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd,  
 Created in his image, there to dwell  
 And worship him ; and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air ;  
 And multiply a race of worshippers,  
 Holy and just : Thrice happy, if they know

Their happiness, and persevere upright.  
 So sung they, and the empyrean rung  
 With halleluiahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
 How first this world and face of things began,  
 And what before thy memory was done  
 From the beginning, that posterity,  
 Inform'd by thee, might know: If else thou seek'st  
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

*The end of the seventh book.*

## The ARGUMENT of Book VIII.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VIII.

**T**HE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
 So charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear :  
 Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient or what recompense  
 Equal have I to render thee, divine  
 Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator ? Something yet of doubt remains,  
 Which only thy solution can resolve.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute  
 Their magnitudes, this earth a spot, a grain,  
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd,  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehensible, (for such  
 Their distance argues, and their swift return  
 Diurnal), merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,

One day and night, in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,  
 How nature wise and frugal could commit  
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd  
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,  
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high: Such pleasure she reserv'd  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;  
 Her husband the relator she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute

With conjugal caresses ; from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd ?  
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went ;  
 Not unattended ; for on her, as queen,  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facile thus reply'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not ; for Heav'n  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.  
 This to attain, whether heav'n move or earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire ; or, if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the heav'n's  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n,  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
 The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who are to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve

The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit. Consider first, that great  
 Or bright infer not excellence: The earth,  
 Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,  
 Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the sun that barren shines,  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
 But in the fruitful earth; there first receiv'd  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak  
 The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;  
 That man may know he dwells not in his own;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual; me thou think'st not slow,  
 Who since the morning-hour set out from Heav'n,  
 Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
 In Eden; distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
 Admitting motion in the heav'ns, to show  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
 God, to remove his ways from human sense,

Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly light,  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
 Be center to the world, and other stars  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,  
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
 In six thou seest; and what if sev'nth to these  
 The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
 Insensibly three different motions move?  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;  
 Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
 Enlight'ning her by day, as she by night  
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
 Allotted there; and other suns perhaps,  
 With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry  
 Communicating male and female light,  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,

Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
 By living soul, desert and desolate,  
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the sun predominant in heav'n  
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun,  
 He from the east his flaming road begin,  
 Or she from west her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Where ever plac'd, let him dispose: Joy thou  
 In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
 And thy fair Eve: Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,  
 Not of earth only, but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies, taught to live  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts

To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask.  
 By substance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance: Now hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
 And day is not yet spent; till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labour, at th' hour  
 Of sweet repast: They satiate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant; but thy words with grace divine

Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.

Nor are thy lips ungraceful, fire of men,

Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee

Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd

Inward and outward both, his image fair :

Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace

Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;

Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth

Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire

Gladly into the ways of God with Man :

For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set

On man his equal love. Say therefore on;

For I that day was absent, as befel,

Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,

Far on excursion tow'rd the gates of hell;

Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had),

To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,

Or enemy, while God was in his work;

Lest he incens'd at such eruption bold,

Destruction with creation might have mix'd.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt;

But us he sends upon his high behests

For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure

Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut

The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;

But long ere our approaching, heard within

Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light

Ere Sabbath ev'ning: So we had in charge.

But thy relation now; for I attend,

Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.  
 So spake the godlike pow'r, and thus our fire.  
 For man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
 Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprang,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet : About me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams ; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd,  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led :  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake ;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?  
 Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent ;

Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
 On a greed shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun

My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submits: He rear'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am,  
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest  
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 This paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
 But of the tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
 Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence; for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,  
 From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive

From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection; understand the same  
 Of fish within their watry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their element, to draw the thinner air.  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two, these cowering low  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd  
 My sudden apprehension: But in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still;  
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
 Surpass'est far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
 Thou hast provided all things: But with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air,  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
 Their language and their ways? they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly; with these  
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ord'ring. I, with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?

Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity

The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human comfort; they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lions;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
A nice and subtle happiness I see

Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
Of happiness, or not? who am alone

From all eternity; for none I knew  
Second to me, or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferior, infinite descents  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain  
The height and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found; not so is man  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,  
And through all numbers absolute, through one;

But man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,  
In unity defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication; yet so pleas'd,  
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deify'd;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
Permissive, and acceptance, which gain'd  
This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;  
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image, not imparted to the brute;  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
 And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone;  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now  
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell  
 Of fancy, my internal sight, by which  
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood:  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd:  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,

That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love, and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable: On she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage-rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me: Woman is her name, of man  
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,  
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or, to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd :  
 I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r  
 I led her blushing like the morn : All heav'n,  
 And happy constellations, on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning-star  
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
 Which I enjoy ; and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire ; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds : But here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain ;

Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough ; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of nature her th' inferior ; in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel ;  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures : Yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself compleat, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows ;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally ; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part ;  
 Do thou but thine ; and be not diffident  
 Of wisdom ; she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismis's not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,

2

An outside ? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself ;  
 Then value : Oft-times nothing profits more  
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well-manag'd ; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows :  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
 To cattle and each beast ; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational love still ;  
 In loving thou dost well, 'n passion not ;  
 Wherein true love consist's not : Love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges ; hath his seat  
 In reason, and is judicious ; is the scale  
 By which to heav'nly love thou mayst ascend ;  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd.  
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),

So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions mix'd with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.  
 Yet these subject not : I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel ; not therefore foil'd,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing ; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To love thou blam'st me not ; for love thou say'st  
 Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide :  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask ;  
 Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how their love  
 Expresses they, by looks only, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,  
 (And pure thou wert created), we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars :  
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring ; no restrain'd conveyance need,  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
 But I can now no more ; the parting sun  
 Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles

Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happy, and love; but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway  
 Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will  
 Would not admit; thine, and of all thy sons,  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the blest'd: Stand fast; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
 Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,  
 Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
 With grateful memory: Thou to mankind  
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.  
 So parted they; the Angel up to heav'n  
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his bow'r.

*The end of the eighth book.*

## The ARGUMENT of Book IX.

Satan having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours; which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now; the serpent answers, that, by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of know-

ledge forbidden: The serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she, pleas'd with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof: Adam at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance, and accusation of one another.

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PARADISE LOST.

B O O K IX.

N O more of talk where God or Angel guest  
With Man, as with his freind, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change  
Those notes to tragic ; foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
And disobedience ; on the part of Heaven  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,  
That brought into this world a world of woe,  
Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery  
Death's harbinger : Sad task, yet argument  
Not less, but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd ;  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son ;  
If answerable stile I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires

Easy my unpremeditated verse ;  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late ;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havock fabled knights  
 In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds ;  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and torneament ; then marshall'd feast  
 Serv'd up in hall, with sewers and seneschals ;  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd ; and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round :  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent

On man's destruction, mangle what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,  
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descry'd  
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line  
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night  
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;  
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
From entrance or Cherubic watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:  
In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
Satan, involv'd in rising mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid: Sea he had search'd and land,  
From Eden over Pontus and the pool  
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;  
Downward as far antarctic; and in length  
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd  
At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
Ganges and Indus: Thus the orb he roam'd  
With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
Consider'd ev'ry creature, which of all  
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
Him after long debate, irresolute

Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight : For in the wily snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old !  
 For what god after better worse would build ?  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'n's  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concent'ring all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence ! As God in Heaven  
 Is center, yet extends to all ; so thou  
 Cent'ring receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves ! But I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge ; and the more I see

Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me, as from th' hateful siege  
 Of contraries; all good to me be comes  
 Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state.  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme;  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound;  
 For only in destroying I find ease  
 To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made; all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;  
 In woe then; that destruction wide may range:  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 Th' infernal pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he Almighty stil'd, six nights and days  
 Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving, though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I in one night freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers: He, to be aveng'd,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original,  
 With heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed,

He effected; man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounc'd, and, O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service angel-wings,  
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend  
 Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
 Of midnight-vapour glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
 With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of deity aspir'd:  
 But what will not ambition and revenge  
 Descend to! Who aspires, must down as low  
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
 Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust: Spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight-search, where soonest he might find  
 The serpent: Him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,

His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
 Fearless unfear'd he slept: In at his mouth  
 The devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd  
 Their morning-incense, when all things that breathe,  
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
 With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
 And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
 Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply  
 Their growing work; for much their work outgrew  
 The hands dispatch of two gard'ning so wide;  
 And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,  
 Our pleasant task injoin'd; but till more hands  
 Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
 Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
 One night or two with wanton growth derides  
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
 Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present;  
 Let us divide our labours; thou where choice  
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I  
 In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
 With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:  
 For while so near each other thus all day  
 Our task we chuse, what wonder if so near  
 Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
 Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
 Compare above all living creatures dear,  
 Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
 How we might best fulfil the work which here  
 God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass  
 Unprais'd: For nothing lovelier can be found  
 In woman, than to study household good,  
 And good works in her husband to promote.  
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
 Labour, as to debar us when we need  
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
 Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
 Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,  
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,  
 Love not the lowest end of human life.  
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
 These paths and bow'rs doubt not but our joint hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us. But if much converse perhaps

Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield :  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befal thee sever'd from me ; for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder ;  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need :  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more ;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's Lord,  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
 And from the parting Angel overheard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
 Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning-flowers.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.  
 Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe.  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation: Thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found: Misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;  
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile condemn;  
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were

Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial chuse  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd ?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle or violent, we not endu'd  
 Single with like defence, where-ever met,  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?  
 But harm precedes not sin : Only our foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity : His foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself ; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us ? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise prov'd false ; find peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd  
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd ?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.  
 O woman, best are all things as the will

Of God ordain'd them : His creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created ; much less man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force ; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r :  
 Against his will he can receive no harm.  
 But God left free the will ; for what obeys  
 Reason, is free ; and reason he made right,  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve ;  
 Since reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely if from me  
 Thou sever not : Trial will come unfought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy ? approve  
 First thy obedience ; th' other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?  
 But if thou think, trial unfought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more :  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve  
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I go ; nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-nymph light  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd and goddess-like deport ;  
 Though not, as she, with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such gard'ning tools as art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated ; she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presum'd return ! event perverse !  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ;

Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shades,  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
 In bow'r and field he sought where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight;  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanc'd; when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round  
 About her glow'd; oft stooping to support  
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd: Them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band; mindless the while  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs  
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son ;  
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admir'd, the person more.  
As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound ;  
If chance, with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
She most, and in her look sums all delight :  
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
Thus early, thus alone ; her heav'nly form  
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air  
Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd  
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :  
That space the evil-one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge :  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Though in mid heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : Then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported, to forget  
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying; other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles: Behold alone  
The woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold;  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath hell debas'd, and pain  
Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terror be in love  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd  
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
Fold above fold, a surging maze, his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant: Pleasing was his shape,

And lovely ; never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier ; not those that in Illyria chang'd  
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
 In Epidaurus ; nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh rivers mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail :  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye ; she busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves ; but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast, more dutious at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring : Oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play ; he glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress, if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ; much less arm  
 Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze

Infatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd; but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?), who shouldst be seen  
 A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd  
 By angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd;  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marveling: At length  
 Not unmaz'd she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean? language of man pronounc'd  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?  
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd  
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
 Created mute to all articulate sound:  
 The latter I demur, for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears.  
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight:  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd.

Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
 Easy it is to me to tell thee all  
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd:  
 I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughs a savoury odor blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
 Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,  
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd  
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Pow'rful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,  
 For high from ground the braches would require  
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: Round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree

Of reason in my inward pow'rs, and speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind,  
 Considered all things visible in Heaven,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray,  
 United I beheld; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake, and Eve  
 Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd.  
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd :  
 But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far ?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long;  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm : If thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd

In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest; as when a wand'ring fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil sp'rit attends,  
 Hovering, and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way,  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.  
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess;  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;  
 God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd.  
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declar'd of all the earth and air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat;  
 But, of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
 The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,  
 Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in heighth began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :  
 So standing, moving, or to heighth up grown,  
 The Tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
 Mother of science, now I feel thy pow'r  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe, do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death ; ye shall not die :  
 How should you ? by the fruit ? it gives you life  
 To knowledge ; by the threatner ? look on me,  
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
 Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open ? or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death, denounc'd whatever thing death be,

Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just;  
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers: He knows, that in the day  
 Yet eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil as they know.  
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet;  
 I of brute, human; ye of human, gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,  
 Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring  
 And what are gods that man may not become  
 As they, participating god-like food?  
 The gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
 I question it; for this fair earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,  
 Them nothing: If they all things, who inclos'd  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree

Impart against his will, if all be his?  
 Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts? these, these, and many more  
 Causes, import your need of this fair fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;  
 Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclinal now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye: Yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise:  
 Thy praise he also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
 Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want:  
 For good unknown, sure is not had; or had,  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?

Such prohibition binds not. But if death  
Binds us with after-hands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom ? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
How dies the serpent ? he hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented ? or to us deny'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd ?  
For beasts it seems : Yet that one beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of God or death, of law or penalty ?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise : What hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind ?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty Serpent : And well might, for Eve  
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge : Nor was god-head from her thought.  
Greedy she ingorg'd without restraint,

And knew not eating death. Sate at length,  
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
 In Paradise, of operation blest'd  
 To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;  
 Though others envy what they cannot give;  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee I had remain'd  
 In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great forbidding, safe with all his spies  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me; or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r  
 Without copartner? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,

A thing not undesirable, some time  
 Superior ; for inferior who is free ?  
 This may be well. But what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue ? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct ?  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe :  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd ;  
 But first low reverence done, as to the pow'r  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant scintillating sap deriv'd  
 From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her rural labour's crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd :  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him ; he the salt'ring measure felt ;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted ; by the tree  
 Of knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,  
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
 To him she hasted ; in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought,  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Op'ning the way, but of divine effect  
 To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;  
 And hath been tasted such: The serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;  
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.  
 Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story told;  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.

On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
Astonied stood, and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:  
Speechless he stood and pale; till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac'd, deflow'r'd, and now to death devote?  
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddence, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidd'n? some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die;  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from my state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd,  
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,

Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.  
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous Eve,  
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.  
 But past who can recall, or done undo ?  
 Not God omnipotent, nor fate ; yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first  
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste ;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly ; he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,  
 Higher degree of life ; inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think, that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignify'd so high,  
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made : So God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose ;  
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who, though his pow'r  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph, and say ; Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours ; who can please him long ? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now Mankind : Whom will he next ?  
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the foe.

However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom : If death  
 Confort with thee, death is to me as life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him reply'd.  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high !  
 Engaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known.  
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee ; rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly assur'd  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful love unequall'd : But I feel

Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this and harsh.  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompense best merits) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand : He scrupled not to eat,  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;  
 Sky lour'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to sooth  
 Him with her lov'd society; that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorn the earth : But that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn :

Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning favour we apply,  
And palate call judicious ; I the praise  
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting ; if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd,  
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious fare ;  
For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow'd,  
He led her nothing loath ; flow'rs were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.  
There they their fill of love, and love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour bland

About their sp'rits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs  
 Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
 How darken'd; innocence, that as a veil  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe  
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare  
 Of all their virtue: Silent, and in face  
 Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;  
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
 ! To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,  
 False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes  
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,  
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
 Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
 And in our faces evident the signs  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first

Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld ? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening : Cover me, ye pines,  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen ;  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sow'd,  
And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose  
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to Indians known  
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade  
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between ;  
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat,  
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade : Those leaves  
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe ;

And with what skill they had, together fow'd,  
 To gird their waste; vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory! Such of late  
 Columbus found th' American, so girt  
 With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep, nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once,  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:  
 For understanding rul'd not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd  
 Superior sway: From thus distemper'd breast,  
 Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and staid  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then  
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.

What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou the head  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
 Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,  
 Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd.  
 Is this the love, is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd  
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;  
 Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,  
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
 And am I now upbraided as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: What could I more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger, and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
 And force upon free will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure

Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial : And perhaps  
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
 What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee ; but I rue  
 That error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
 Him who to worth in women overtrusting,  
 Lets her will rule : Restraint she will not brook ;  
 And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
 She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
 And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

*The end of the ninth book.*



## The ARGUMENT of BOOK X.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his SON to judge the transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: To make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, trans-

formed with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: Then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK X.

**M**EAN while the hainous and despiteful act  
 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
 He in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
 Was known in heav'n; for what can 'scape the eye  
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
 Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd,  
 Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd  
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For man; for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From earth arriv'd at heav'n-gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare

That time celestial visages, yet mix'd  
With pity, violated not their blifs.  
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' æthereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befel : They tow'ards the throne supreme  
Accountable made haste, to make appear  
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd ; when the most high  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,  
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled angels, and ye pow'rs return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad errand, man should be seduc'd  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker ; no decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
On his transgression, death denounc'd that day ?  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet insisted, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee,

Viceregent Son ? to thee I have transferr'd  
All judgement, whether in heav'n, or earth, or hell.  
Easy it may be seen that I intend  
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,  
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd  
Both ranfome and redeemer voluntary,  
And destin'd man himself to judge man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity ; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father eternal, thine is to decree,  
Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will  
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd  
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On earth these thy transgressors ; but thou know'st,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
When time shall be ; for so I undertook  
Before thee ; and not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
On me deriv'd ; yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,  
Those two ; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
Of high collateral glory : Him thrones and pow'rs,  
Princedom, and dominations ministrant

Accompanied to heav'n-gate, from whence  
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended strait; the speed of gods  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the sun in western cadence low  
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The evening cool, when he from wrath more cool,  
Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,  
To sentence man: The voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,  
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought:  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first  
To offend, discount'nanc'd both, and discompos'd:  
Love was not in their looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
Anger, and obstinacy and hate, and guile.  
Whence Adam faltring long, thus answer'd brief.  
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice  
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom  
The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.  
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,

But still rejoic'd ; how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee ? that thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee ? hast thou eaten of the tree,  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat ?

To whom thus Adam fore beset reply'd.

Oh heav'n ! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my judge, either to undergo  
Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life ;  
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint ; but strict necessity  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd ; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.  
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did, whatever in itself,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;  
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.

Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice ? or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd

She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts  
Were such as under government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.  
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.  
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer  
The guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,  
As vitiated in nature: More to know  
Concern'd not man, (since he no further knew),  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;  
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
Between thee and the woman I will put  
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verify'd  
When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,

Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,  
Prince of the air; then rising from his grave  
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd  
In open show, and with ascension bright  
Captivity led captive through the air,  
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;  
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.  
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.  
Because thou' hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,  
And eaten of the tree, concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof:  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;  
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,  
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that day  
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood  
Before him naked to the air, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now,

As father of his family, he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies:  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,  
 Arraying cover'd from his Father's sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
 Into his blissful bosom reassum'd  
 In glory as of old; to him appeas'd  
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on earth,  
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,  
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O son, why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us his offspring dear? it cannot be  
 But that success attends him; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n  
 By his avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large  
 Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connat'ral force,  
 Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite

With secret amity things of like kind  
 By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
 Inseparable, must with me along :  
 For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.  
 But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable, impervious, let us try  
 Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine  
 Not unagreeable, to found a path  
 Over this main from hell to that new world  
 Where Satan now prevails; a monument  
 Of merit high to all th' infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.  
 Go whither fate and inclination strong  
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
 The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
 The favour of Death from all things there that live;  
 Nor shall I to the work thou interprisest  
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle, to a field  
 Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd  
 With scent of living carcases design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight :  
 So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd

His nostril wide into the murky air,  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste  
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse; and with pow'r (their pow'r was great)  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Toft up and down, together crouded drove,  
From each side shoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:  
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive  
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
As Delos floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;  
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa his Memnonian palace high  
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.

Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,  
 Over the vex'd abyfs, following the track  
 Of Satan to the self-same place where he  
 First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
 Of this round world : With pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast ; too fast they made,  
 And durable ; and now in little space  
 The confines met of empyrean heav'n,  
 And of this world, and on the left hand hell  
 With long reach interpos'd ; three several ways  
 In sight, to each of these three places led.  
 And now their way to earth they had descry'd,  
 To Paradise first tending, when behold  
 Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose :  
 Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear  
 Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought  
 Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
 He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guilty what his wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict ; that pass'd, return'd  
 By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,

Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;  
Thou art their author and prime architect:  
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,  
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
Now also evidence, but strait I felt  
Though distant from the worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee with this thy son,  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
Within hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd  
To fortify thus far, and overlay  
With this portentous bridge the dark abyfs.  
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd  
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foil in heav'n; here thou shalt monarch reign,

There didst not; there let him still victor sway,  
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new world  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,  
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,  
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd glad.  
Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race  
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty King),  
Amply have merited of me, of all  
Th' infernal empire, that so near heav'n's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
To my associate pow'rs, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoice;  
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the earth  
Dominion exercise, and in the air,  
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd;  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me: On your joint vigour now  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.

If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell  
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed  
Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
And planets planet-struck, real eclipse  
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down  
The causeway to hell-gate; on either side  
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation: Through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those  
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all  
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd  
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their emp'ror sent; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.  
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains  
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Tauris or Casbeen: So these the late  
Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell  
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
Round their metropolis, and now expecting

Each hour their great advent'rer from the search  
 Of foreign worlds : He through the midst unmark'd,  
 In show plebeian angel militant  
 Of lowest order, pass'd ; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high throne, which under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen :  
 At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter : All amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect, and whom they with'd beheld,  
 Their mighty chief return'd : Loud was th' acclaim :  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words, attention won.

Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,  
 For in possession such, not only of right,  
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,  
 And dungeon of our tyrant : Now possess,  
 As lords, a spacious world, to our native heav'n  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd with what pain  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep

Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
To expedite your glorious march ; but I  
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride  
Th' untractable abyfs, plung'd in the womb  
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found  
The new-created world, which fame in heav'n  
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
Of absolute perfection, therein man  
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happy : Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
From his Creator, and the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an apple ; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
Both his beloved man and all his world,  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape  
Man I deceiv'd : That which to me belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and mankind ; I am to bruise his heel ;  
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :  
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance : What remains, ye gods,  
But up, and enter now into full bliss ?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear; when contrary, he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of publick scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more;  
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant; but in vain, a greater pow'r  
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,  
According to his doom: He would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd  
Alike to serpents all, as accessories  
To his bold riot: Dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,  
Ceraustes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,  
And Dipsas, (not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,  
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his pow'r no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain: They all  
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,

Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:  
 They saw, but other sight instead, a croud  
 Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
 And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,  
 They felt themselves now changing; down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield, down as they fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause, they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Us'd by the tempter: On that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing, fat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megæra: Greedily they pluck'd  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;  
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: Oft they assay'd,

Hunger and thirst constraining, drag'd as oft,  
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws  
 With foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as man [plagn'd  
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they  
 And worn with famine, long ceaseless hiss,  
 Till their lost shape permitted, they resum'd;  
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.  
 However, some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd  
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in pow'r before  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse: To whom Sin thus began.

Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,  
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd  
 With travel difficult, not better far  
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have set watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon.  
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n,  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet

Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd.  
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs  
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish, and fowl,  
No homely morsels; and what ever thing  
The scythe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd;  
Till I in man residing through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later: Which th' Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice.

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance  
To waste and havock yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me; so doth the prince of hell,  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess

A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of passion, I to them have quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed

On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last  
 Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure  
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain:  
 Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
 Sung halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son  
 Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom  
 New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from heav'n descend. Such was their song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mighty angels, gave them several charge  
 As sort'd best with present things. The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects,  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to show'r,  
 Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,

Should prove tempestuous: To the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
 Some say he bid his angels turn ascense  
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the centrique globe: Some say the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernant flow'rs,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
 Like change on sea and land, fideral blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent: Now from the north

Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,  
 And Thraſcias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds  
 From Serrationa; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
 Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things: But Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:  
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
 And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries which Adam saw  
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings: But this will not serve;

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightful, "Increase and multiply,"  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration: So besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
 On me as on their natural center light  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mold me Man? did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I fought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd:  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 Thou didst accept them: Wilt thou enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? And though God

Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity, begot.  
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,  
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
 O Welcome hour whenever! why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible? how glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the sp'rit of man,  
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? the body properly hath neither.

All of me then shall die : Let this appease  
The doubt, since human reach no further knows,  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrath also ? be it, man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on man whom death must end ?  
Can he make deathless death ? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
Impossible is held, as argument  
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,  
For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour  
Satisfy'd never ? that were to extend  
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,  
By which all causes else according still  
To the reception of their matter act,  
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say  
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
From this day onward, which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuity ; ay me, that fear  
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defenceless head ; both Death and I  
Am found eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in me all  
Posterity stands curs'd : Fair patrimony  
That I must leave ye, sons ; O were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !  
So disinherited, how would ye bless  
Me now your curse ! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemned,

If guiltless ? But from me what can proceed,  
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,  
Not to do only, but to will the same  
With me ? how can they then acquitted stand  
In sight of God ? Him after all disputes  
Forc'd I absolve : All my evasions vain,  
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
But to my own conviction : First and last  
On me, me only, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;  
So might the wrath. Fond wish ! couldst thou support  
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,  
Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
With that bad woman ? Thus what thou desir'st,  
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future,  
To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
O Conscience, into what abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driv'n me ; out of which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd !

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell  
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air  
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror : On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
The day of his offence. Why comes not death,  
Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke

To end me ? Shall truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice divine not hasten to be just ?  
But death comes not at call, Justice divine  
Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs,  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song.  
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd :  
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou serpent ; that name best  
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false  
And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth ; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted ; longing to be seen,  
Though by the devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach ; but with the serpent meeting,  
Fool'd, and beguil'd ; by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults ;  
And understood not all was but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue ; all but a rib,  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary

To my just number found. O why did God,  
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n  
 With spirits masculine, create at last  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of nature; and not fill the world at once  
 With men as angels without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall; innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
 And strait conjunction with this sex: For either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse; or, if she love, with-held  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household-peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve  
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

For sake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n  
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,

Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay : Forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable : Both have sinn'd, but thou  
Against God only, I against God and thee ;  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd, may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration : Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid ;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself ; alas,  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,

And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs  
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,  
 To me committed, and by me expos'd.  
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive  
 In offices of love, how we may lighten  
 Each other's burden, in our share of woe;  
 Since this day's death denounc'd, if aught I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,  
 A long day's dying, to augment our pain,  
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd.  
 Adam, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can find,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate: Nevertheless,  
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
 By Death at last; and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring

Into this curst world a woful race,  
 That after wretched life must be at last  
 Food for so foul a monster ; in thy pow'r  
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
 The race unblest'd, to being yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art, childless remain : So Death  
 Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
 Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope,  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be misery  
 And torment less than none of what we dread ;  
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
 Let us seek Death ; or he not found, supply  
 With our own hands his office on ourselves :  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
 That show no end but death, and have the pow'r,  
 Of many ways to die the shortest chusing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy ?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
 Broke off the rest ; so much of death her thoughts  
 Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
 To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns ;

But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
 Not thy contempt; but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
 Of misery, so thinking to evade  
 The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain  
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 The serpent's head; piteous amends, unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd  
 Against us this deceit: To crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
 Resolv'd, as thou propos'st; so our foe  
 Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,  
 That cuts us off from hope, and favours only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God, and his just yoke  
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd,

Without wrath or reviling : We expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day ; when lo, to thee  
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb : On me the curse aslope  
 Glanc'd on the ground ; with labour I must earn  
 My bread ; What harm ? Idleness had been worse ;  
 My labour will sustain me : And, lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands  
 Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd :  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow ?  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees ; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds  
 Justling or push'd with winds, rude in their shock  
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun : Such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure

To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek ?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn  
 From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ?

So spake our father penitent ; nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse : They forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

*The end of the tenth book.*

THE ARGUMENT of Book XI.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: The Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XI.

**T**HUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
 Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
 Prevenient grace descending had remov'd  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
 Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory: Yet their port  
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: In they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne: Them the glad Son  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs

And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
 With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication; hear his sighs though mute;  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me,  
 Interpret for him, me his advocate  
 And propitiation; all his works on me,  
 Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those  
 Shall perfect; and for these my death shall pay.  
 Accept me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind; let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
 Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom, (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),  
 To bitter life shall yield him, where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene,  
 All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
 Obtain; all thy request was my decree.  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
 The law I gave to nature him forbids:  
 Those pure immortal elements, that know  
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
 Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,  
 And mortal food as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first

Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
Created him endow'd, with happiness  
And immortality: That fondly lost,  
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;  
Till I provided death; so death becomes  
His final remedy, and after life  
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,  
Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.  
But let us call to synod all the blest'd  
Through heav'n's wide bounds; from them I will not  
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed, [hide  
As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd.

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew  
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast  
Fill'd all the regions: From their blissful bowers  
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
And took their seats; till from his throne supreme  
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will.

O sons, like one of us man is become  
To know both good and evil, since his taste  
Of that defended fruit: But let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got

Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
My motions in him; longer than they move,  
His heart I know, how variable and vain  
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the tree of life and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,  
And send him from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,  
Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,  
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce  
To them and to their progeny from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,  
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd;  
So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace:  
And on the east side of the garden place,  
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,

Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame  
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,  
And guard all passage to the tree of life ;  
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude.

He ceas'd, and th' archangelic pow'r prepar'd  
For swift descent ; with him the cohort bright  
Of watchful Cherubim ; four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed  
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while,  
To resalute the world with sacred light,  
Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd  
The earth ; when Adam and first matron Eve  
Had ended now their orisons, and found  
Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd ;  
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends ;  
But that from us aught should ascend to Heav'n,  
So prevalent as to concern the mind  
Of God high-blest'd, or to incline his will,  
Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer  
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I fought  
By pray'r th' offended Deity to appease,  
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,  
Methought I saw him placable and mild,

Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew  
 'That I was heard with favour ; peace return'd  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ;  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
 Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek.  
 Ill worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise :  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
 The source of life ; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus to intitle me vouchsaf'st,  
 Far other name deserving. But the field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless night ; for see the morn,  
 All unconcerned with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling : Let us forth ;  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where-e'er our day's work lies, though now injoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop ; while here we dwell  
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve ; but fate  
 Subscrib'd not : Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd

After short blush of morn ; nigh in her sight,  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove :  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
 Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;  
 Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.  
 Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to Eye thus spake.

O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows.  
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty, because from death releas'd  
 Some days ; how long, and what till then our life,  
 Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
 And thither must return, and be no more ?  
 Why else this double object in our sight,  
 Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,  
 One way the self-same hour ? why in the east  
 Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught ?

He err'd not ; for by this the heav'nly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt ;  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met  
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright ;

Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprize  
 One man, affassin-like, had levy'd war,  
 War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch  
 In their bright stand there left his pow'rs to sieze  
 Possession of the garden; he alone,  
 To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,  
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
 While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observ'd; for I descry,  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
 One of the heav'nly host, and by his gate  
 None of the meanest, some great potentate  
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty  
 Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear; nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide;  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,  
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' arch-angel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce; Iris had dip'd the woof;  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood, where youth ended; by his side,  
 As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:  
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seizure many days  
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover: Well may then thy Lord appear'd  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, sinner soil.

He added not; for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound: Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O, unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?

Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd  
 With what to sight or sinell was sweet, from thee  
 How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.  
 Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
 What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,  
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine,  
 Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes  
 Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;  
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd  
 Of them the high'st, for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us ; what besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes ; all places else  
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us nor known : And if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries :  
 But pray'r against his absolute decree

No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance ; here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 Stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :  
 So many grateful altars, I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs :  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 Adam, thou know'st heav'n his, and all the earth,  
 Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual pow'r and warm'd :  
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of Paradise or Eden : This had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread

All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee their great progenitor.  
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 God is as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring ; good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men ; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse : So shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd indure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill ; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st ;  
 As once thou sleptst, while she to life was form'd.  
 To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chaff'ning, to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,

If so I may attain. So both ascend  
 In the visions of God : It was a hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
 Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the tempter set  
 Our second Adam in the wilderness,  
 To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.  
 His eye might there command where-ever stood  
 City of old or modern fame, the seat  
 Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born ; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south ;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
 The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez and Sus,  
 Marocco and Algiers, and Tremisen ;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world : In sp'rit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,

And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,  
 Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits become intranc'd;  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
 I' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy ford; thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,  
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock  
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,

'On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.  
His offering soon propitious fire from heav'n  
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful stream;  
The other's not, for his was not sincere;  
Whereat he inly rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cry'd.

O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.  
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain,  
For envy that his brother's offering found  
From heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact  
Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith approv'd  
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our sire.

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
But have I now seen Death? is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance than within.  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,

By fire, flood, famine; by intemp'rance more  
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know  
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve  
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseases, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthma's, and joint-racking rheums.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; despair  
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.  
O miserable mankind, to what fall  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why

Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 Th' image of God in man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under unhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image fake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,  
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves.

'I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return:  
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop

Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature :  
 This is old age ; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To wither'd, weak, and gray ; thy senses then  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,  
 To what thou hast ; and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and chearful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy sp'rits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life. To whom our ancestor.

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much ; bent rather how I may be quit  
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge ;  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michael reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st,  
 Live well ; how long or short, permit to Heav'n :  
 And now prepare thee for another sight.

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue : By some were herds  
 Of cattle grazing ; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ ; and who mov'd  
 Their stops and chords was seen ; his volant touch  
 Instinct through all proportions, low and high  
 Fled, and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one who at the forge  
 Lab'ring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,

Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
 To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
 From underground), the liquid ore he drain'd  
 Into fit molds prepar'd; from which he form'd  
 First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought,  
 Fusil or gray'n in metal. After these,  
 But on the hither side, a different sort  
 From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,  
 Down to the plain descended: By their guise  
 Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
 To worship God aright, and know his works  
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve  
 Freedom and peace to men: They on the plain  
 Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
 In gems and wanton dress; to th' harp they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:  
 The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net  
 First caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose;  
 And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning-star,  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage-rites invok'd:  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs,  
 And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,  
 The bent of nature; which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest'd,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope

Of peaceful days portends, than those two past :  
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse ;  
Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best  
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,  
Created as thou art to nobler end,  
Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
Who slew his brother ; studious they appear  
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.  
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget :

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise ;  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
To these, that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious titled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,  
Erelong to swim at large ; and laugh, for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.  
O pity and shame, that they who to live well  
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint !

But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Holds on the same, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate slackness it begins,  
Said th' angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom and superior gifts receiv'd.  
But now prepare thee for another scene.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs,  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,  
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle rang'd  
Both horse and foot, nor idly must'ring stood;  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine  
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,  
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel torneament the squadrons join;  
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
With carcasses and arms th' infanguin'd field  
Deserted: Others to a city strong  
Lay siege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
In other parts the scepter'd heralds call  
To council in the city-gates: Anon  
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,

Assemble, and harrangues are heard, but soon  
 In factious opposition; till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,  
 And judgment from above: Him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng: So violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad; O what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother: For of whom such massacre  
 Make they but of their brethren, men of men?  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescu'd, had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus Michael. These are the product  
 Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
 Such were these giants, men of high renown;  
 For in those days might only shall be admir'd,  
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd;  
 To overcome in battle, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch.

Of human glory, and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be stil'd great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;  
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he, the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes, for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his saints: Him the Most High  
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd:  
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;  
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as besel,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend fire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declar'd,  
And testify'd against their ways; he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, where so met,  
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison under judgments imminent:

But all in vain : Which when he saw, he ceas'd  
 Contending, and remov'd his tents far off ;  
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,  
 Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height,  
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
 For man and beast : When lo, a wonder strange !  
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small  
 Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught  
 Their order : Last the sire, and his three sons,  
 With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.  
 Mean while the south-wind rose, and with black wings  
 Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove  
 From under Heav'n ; the hills to their supply  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain ; and now the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous, and continu'd, till the earth  
 No more was seen : The floating vessel swum  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves : All dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water roll'd ; sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore ; and in their palaces,  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
 And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation ? Thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,

And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd  
 By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Though comfortless, as when a father mourns  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once;  
 And scarce to th' angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! better had I  
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot  
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd  
 The burd'n of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel  
 Grievous to bear: But that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn: Those few escap'd  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wand'ring that watry desert. I had hope,  
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have  
 With length of happy days the race of man; [crown'd  
 But I was far deceiv'd; for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,  
 And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw'st  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent,

And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;  
 Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste  
 Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,  
 And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
 Against invaders ; therefore cool'd in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy ; for th' earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd :  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd ;  
 Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot ;  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world  
 Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impiety ; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
 The one just man alive ; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and household from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wrack.

No sooner he with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
 Of heav'n set open on the earth shall pour  
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills; then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root, an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang:  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated: For the clouds were fled,  
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear sun on his wide watry glass  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
 His sluices, as the heav'n his windows shut.  
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive

Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;  
 The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends with all his train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous, with three list'd colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad  
 Greatly rejoic'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things canst represent  
 As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n,  
 Distended as the brow of God appears'd;  
 Or serve they as a show'ry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve, and show'r the earth?

To whom th' arch-angel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire,

Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,  
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,  
 With man therein or beast; but when he brings  
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
 His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,  
 And call to mind his covenant: Day and night,  
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost  
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
 Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.

*The end of the eleventh book.*

THE ARGUMENT of BOOK XII.

The Angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and comforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

## PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XII.

AS one who in his journey bates at noon, [paus'd  
Though bent on speed ; so here the arch-angel  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end ;  
And man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see ; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense :  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second source of men, while yet but few  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Diety,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil ; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings pour'd and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,

Under paternal rule : Till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous :  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be stil'd  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven,  
 Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty ;  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell :  
 Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
 A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n ;  
 And get themselves a name ; lest far dispers'd  
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r  
 Obstruct heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various sp'rit, to raise  
 Quite out their native language, and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders ; each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm ; great laughter was in heav'n  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
 And hear the din ; thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd.  
 O execrable son so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n :  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute ; that right we hold  
 By his donation ; but man over men  
 He made not lord ; such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man ; to God his tow'r intends  
 Siege and defiance : Wretched man ! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorr'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty ; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being :  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart passions catch the government  
 From reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign  
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords ;  
 Who oft as undeservedly inthral  
 His outward freedom : Tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
 Their inward lost : Witness th' irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark,\* who, for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
 " Servant of servants," on his vitious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes ; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways ;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring :  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship ; O that men  
 (Canst thou believe ?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone

For gods ! yet him God the Most High vouchsafes  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him shew'r  
 His benediction so, that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blest'd ; he strait obeys,  
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes :  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil  
 Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford  
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;  
 Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents  
 Pitch'd about Sechem and the neighb'ring plain  
 Of Moreh ; there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the desert south,  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd),  
 From Hermon east to the great western sea ;  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore  
 Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream,  
 Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed : By that seed  
 Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest'd,

Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.  
 The grandchild with twelve sons increas'd, departs  
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at sev'n mouths  
 Into the sea : To sojourn in that land  
 He comes, invited by a younger son  
 In time of dearth ; a son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh : There he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant-males :  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
 His people from inthralment, they return  
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.  
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ;  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,  
 And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;

What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
 Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;  
 Laſt, with one midnight-ſtroke, all the firſt-born  
 Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits  
 To let his ſojourners depart, and oft  
 Humbles his ſtubborn heart, but ſtill as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea  
 Swallows him with his hoſt; but them lets paſs  
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,  
 Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand  
 Divided, till his reſcu'd gain their ſhore:  
 Such wondrous pow'r God to his ſaint will lend,  
 Though preſent in his angel, who ſhall go  
 Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,  
 To guide them in their journey, and remove  
 Behind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:  
 All night he will purſue; but his approach  
 Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;  
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
 God looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,  
 And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command  
 Moſes once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;  
 On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
 And overwhelm their war. The race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the ſhore advance

Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
 Left ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt, chusing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on;  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wildness; there they shall found  
 Their government, and their great senate chuse  
 Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,  
 Ordain them laws; part such as appertain  
 To civil justice, part religious rites  
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
 And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise  
 The serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without mediator, whose high office now  
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
 And all the prophets in their age the times  
 Of Great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his tabernacle,

The holy One with mortal men to dwell :  
 By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein  
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
 The records of his covenant, over these  
 A mercy-seat of gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn  
 Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiac representing  
 The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
 Conducted by his angel, to the land  
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed. The rest  
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,  
 Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome: So call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
 Inlightner of my darkness, gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed: Now first I find  
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see  
 His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd,  
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.

This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,  
 So many and so various laws are giv'n;  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
 And therefore was law given them to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight: That when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
 So law appears imperfect, and but given  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd  
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
 From imposition of strict laws to free  
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear  
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead;  
 But Joshua, whom the gentiles Jesus call,  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell

The adversary serpent, and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Mean while they in their earthly Canaan plac'd,  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies;  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By judges first, then under kings; of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last; for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue;  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd;  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple inthrone,  
 Such follow him as shall be register'd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.

There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back,  
 Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, stablish'd as the days of Heav'n.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God  
 They first re-edify, and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the priests dissention springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace: Their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself: At last they seize  
 The scepter, and regard not David's sons,  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,  
 Unseen before in heav'n, proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages, who enquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold;  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The pow'r of the Most High; he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.  
 He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd.  
 O prophet of glad tidings, finisher

Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steddier thoughts have search'd in vain;  
 Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The seed of woman : Virgin mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heav'n ; yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High ; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain : Say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel : Not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy seed : Nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, impos'd  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow :  
 So only can high justice rest appaid.  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the law ; thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh  
 To a reproachful life and curst death,  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In his redemption, and that his obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits  
 To save them, not their own, though legal works,  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
 Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,  
 A shameful and accurs'd ; nail'd to the cross  
 By his own nation ; slain for bringing life ;  
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
 The law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction : So he dies,  
 But soon revives ; death over him no pow'r  
 Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light  
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light  
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
 By faith not void of works. This God-like act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,  
 In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings,  
 Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,  
 A gentle wasting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear  
 To his disciples, men who in his life  
 Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge

To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,  
 And his salvation, them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.  
 All nations they shall teach: For from that day  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith where-ever through the world;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest'd.  
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and pow'r to judge both quick and dead;  
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth; for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake th' Arch-angel Michael, then paus'd  
 As at the world's great period; and our fire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce,  
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful

Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few  
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide  
 His people who defend? Will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' angel; but from Heav'n  
 He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
 His Spirit within them, and the law of faith  
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm  
 With spiritual armour, able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
 What man can do against them, not afraid,  
 Though to the death, against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompens'd,  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecutors: For the Spirit  
 Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelize the nations, then on all  
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts indue,  
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each nation to receive

With joy the tidings brought from heav'n at length  
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,  
 Their doctrine and their story written left,  
 They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn  
 Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the spirit understood.  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
 Places, and titles, and with these to join  
 Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
 The Sp'rit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n  
 To all believers; and from that pretence,  
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force  
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Sp'rit within  
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
 But force the Sp'rit of grace itself, and bind  
 His consort liberty? what but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume:  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of sp'rit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfy'd; truth shall retire

Bestuck with stand'rous darts, and works of faith  
 Rarely be found: So shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just  
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid  
 The woman's seed, obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
 Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,  
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd,  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest  
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time  
 Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain:  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak

Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory ;  
 And, to the faithful, death the gate of life ;  
 Taught this by his example, whom I now  
 Acknowledge my redeemer ever blest'd.

To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd.  
 This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum  
 Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal pow'rs,  
 All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,  
 Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
 And all the rule, one empire ; only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest : Then wilt thou not be loath  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards,  
 By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
 We may no longer stay : Go, waken Eve ;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
 Portending good, and all her sp'rits compos'd  
 To meek submission : Thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,

The great deliverance by her seed to come  
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind :  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more chear'd  
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descend the hill;  
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;  
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I know;  
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep : But now lead on,  
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me  
 Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
 By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve. And Adam heard  
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh  
 Th' arch-angel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array,  
 The Cherubim descended ; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist  
 Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel

Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,  
 Began to parch that temp'rate clime ; whereat  
 In either hand the hast'ning angel caught  
 Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain ; then disappear'd.  
 They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms :  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon ;  
 The world was all before them, where to chuse  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :  
 They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

F I N I S.

Howe'er I find, I'll find it in the end  
 The benefit of it, and so I'll find it  
 For as a creature, which is made to live  
 And reason as the light of reason  
 Hence to perch that such the choice; whereas  
 In either hand the balancing scale  
 After long pause, and so the choice was made  
 And then they both, and down the chaste stairs  
 To the subject place: then down the stairs  
 They looking back, all the way down the stairs  
 Of Paradise, to the first happy seat  
 Way'd over by that burning band, the gate  
 With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:  
 Some natural, some supernaturally, with a stern look  
 The world was there, and so the choice was made  
 Their place of rest, and so the choice was made  
 They hand in hand, with a stern look and that  
 Though I do not know the way, I'll find it in the end

